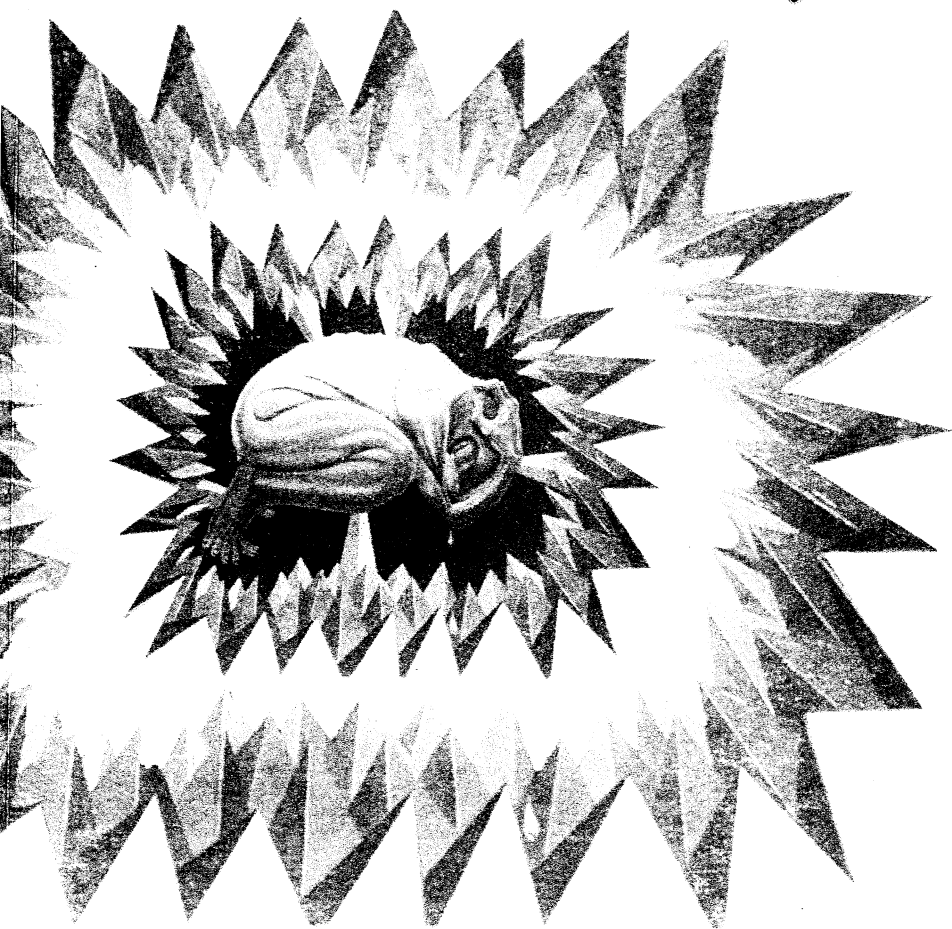


LEAVE ME ALONE!

Misanthropic Writings from the Anti-Social Edge



“I suppressed word after word from my vocabulary. When the massacre was over, only one had escaped: *Solitude*. I awakened euphoric.”

—E. M. Cioran

Notes on the Pest

by Charles Bukowski

Pest, n. (Fr. peste, from L. pestis, a plague, a pest (whence pestilent, pestiferous): same root as perdo, to destroy (PERDITION).) A plague, pestilence, or deadly epidemic disease; anything very noxious, mischievous, or destructive; a mischievous or destructive person.

the pest, in a sense, is a very superior being to us: he knows where to find us and how – usually in the bath or in sexual intercourse or asleep. he is also very good at catching you in the crapper about halfway through a bowel-movement. if he is at the door you can scream, “Jesus, wait a minute, what the hell, wait a minute!” but the sound of the human voice in agony only encourages the pest – his beat, his ring becomes more excited. the pest usually beats and rings. you must let him in. and when he leaves – finally – you will be ill for a week. the pest not only pisses on your soul – he is also very good at leaving his yellow water on your toilet lid. he leaves hardly enough to see; you don’t know it is there until you sit down and it is too late.

unlike you, the pest has hours of time to shoot through the head. and all his ideas are contrary to yours but he never knows this because he is continually talking and even when you get a chance to disagree, the pest does not hear. he really never hears your voice. it is just a vague area of break to him, then he continues his dialogue, and while the pest continues on you wonder how he ever got his dirty little snout into your soul. the pest is also very aware of your sleeping hours and he will phone you time after time while you are asleep and his first question will be, “did I awaken you?” or he will come upon your place and all the shades will be down but he will knock and ring anyhow, wildly, wildly in orgasm. if you do not answer he will shout out, “I know that you’re in there! I can see your car outside!”

these destroyers, although they have no idea of your thought process, they do sense your dislike for them, yet in another way this only encourages them. also they realize that you are a certain type of person – that is, given a choice of hurting or being hurt, you will accept the latter. pests thrive on the best slices of humanity; they know where the good meat is.

the pest is always full of dry standard nonsense that he mistakes for self-wisdom. some of his favorite remarks are:

“there is no such thing as ALL bad. you say that *all* cops are bad. well they’re not. I’ve met some good ones. there is such a thing as a good cop.”

you never get a chance to explain to him that when a man puts that uniform on that he is a paid protector of things of the present time. he is here to

see that things stay the way they are. if you like the way things are, then all cops are good cops. if you don't like the way things are, then *all* cops are bad cops. there is such a thing as ALL bad. but the pest is soaked in these addled and homespun philosophies and he will not let them go. the pest, being unable to think, attaches himself to people – grimly and finally and forever.

“we are not informed as to what is going on, we don't have the real answers. we must trust our leaders.”

this one is so damned silly that I am not even going to comment on it. in fact, thinking it over, I am not going to list any more of the pest's comments for I am beginning to get ill.

so then. well, this pest need not be a person who knows you by name or location. the pest is everywhere, always, ready to attach his poisoned stinking deathray onto you. I remember one particular time when I was lucky with the horses. I was down at Del Mar driving a new car. each night after the races I would select a new motel, and after a shower and a change of clothing I would get into the car and drive along the coast looking for a good place to eat. by a good place to eat, I meant a place not too crowded that served good food. it seems like a contrary thing. I mean, if food is good the people should be there. but like so many seeming truths, this truth is not necessarily so. sometimes the crowd flocks to places that serve absolute garbage. so each night it was my pilgrimage to search out a place that served good food but that was not filled with the madding crowd. it took some time. one night I drove for an hour and thirty minutes before locating my spot. I parked the car and went in. I ordered a New York cut, french fries, so forth, and sat there over my coffee until the food arrived. the whole diner was empty; it was a marvelous night. then just with the arrival of my New York cut, the door opened and in came the pest. of course, you guessed it. there were 32 stools in the place but he HAD TO take the stool next to mine and begin conversing with the waitress over his doughnut. he was a real flat fish. his dialogue knifed into my guts. dull rotting tripe, the stench of his soul swinging through the air wrecking everything. and he gave me just enough elbow in the plate. the pest is very good with just enough elbow in the plate. I got the New York cut down and then went out and got so drunk that I missed the first three races the next day.

the pest is anywhere you work, anywhere you are employed. I am pest-meat. I once worked in a place where this man hadn't spoken to anybody for 15 years. on my second day there he spoke to me for 35 minutes. he was completely insane. one sentence would be on one subject, the other on another entirely unrelated. which is all right except the stuff was mottled dead humorless rankled stink. they kept him because he was a good worker. “a good day's work for a good day's pay.” there is at least one madman on every job, a pest, and they always find me. “every nut in the joint likes you,” is a sentence that I have heard on job after job. it is not encouraging.

but perhaps it will help if we all realize that perhaps all of us have been pests at one time or another to somebody but we never knew it. shit, it's a horrible thought but most probably true and maybe it will help us bear up under the pest. basically, there is no 100 percent man. we are all run through with various madnesses and uglinesses that we ourselves are not aware of but that everybody else is aware of. how ya gonna keep us down on the farm?

yet, still you must admire the man who takes action against the pest. the pest shrivels against direct action and soon attaches himself elsewhere. I know a man, a kind of intellectual-poet type, a lively life-filled sort who has a large sign attached to his front door. I do not remember it directly but it goes something like this (and done in a beautifully-printed hand):

to whom it may concern: please phone me for appointments when you want to see me. I will not answer unsolicited knocks upon the door. I need time to do my work. I will not allow you to murder my work. please understand that what keeps me alive will make me a better person toward and for you when we finally meet under easy and unstrained conditions.

I admire this sign. I did not take it as snobbery or an over-evaluation of self. he was a good man in good sense and had enough humor and courage to state his natural rights. I first came upon the sign by accident, and after staring at it and hearing him in there I walked to my car and drove away. the beginning of understanding is the beginning of everything and it's time some of us began. for instance, I have nothing against Love-ins so long as I AM NOT FORCE TO ATTEND. I am not even against love, but we were speaking of pests, weren't we?

even I, prime pest-meat that I am, even I once made a move against a pest. I was, at the time, working 12 hours a night, god forgive me and god forgive god, but anyhow this very pesty pest could not resist phoning me every morning about 9 a.m. I got in about 7:30 and after a couple beers I usually managed to go to sleep. he had it timed just right, and he gave me the same old stupid drab drivél. just knowing that he had awakened me and hearing my voice charged him up. he coughed and mewed and hacked and sputtered. "listen," I finally said, "why in the hell do you keep waking me up at 9 a.m.? you know I work all night. 12 hours a night! why in the hell do you keep right on awakening me at 9 a.m.?"

"I thought," he said, "you might be going to the track. I wanted to get you before you went to the track."

"listen," I said, "first post is onefortyfive p.m. and how the hell do you think I am going to play the horses when I work 12 hours a night? how the hell do you think I can work all that in? I have to sleep, shit, bathe, eat, fuck, buy new

shoelaces, all that stuff, don't you have any sense of reality? don't you realize that when I come in from the job that they've taken every damn thing out of me? don't you realize that there's nothing left? I can't make the racetrack. I'm too weak to even scratch my ass. why the hell do you keep phoning at 9 a.m. every morning?"

as they say, his voice was husky with emotion – "I want to get you before you go to the racetrack."

it was useless. I hung the phone up. then I got a large cardboard carton. then I took the phone and stuck it into the bottom of the large cardboard carton. then I stuffed the damn thing solidly with rags. I did it every morning when I arrived and I took the thing out when I awakened. the pest was dead. he came to see me one day.

"how come you don't answer your phone anymore?" he asked.

"I stuff the phone in a box of rags when I come home."

"but don't you realize that when you stuff that phone into a box of rags that, symbollically, you are stuffing me into a box of rags?"

I looked at him and said very slowly and quietly, "that's right."

It was never quite the same with us again. I heard from a friend of mine, an older man than I, very alive, but not an artist (thank god) and he told me: "McClintock phones me 3 times a day. does he still phone you?"

"not any more."

the McClintocks are the joke of the town but the McClintocks never realize that they are the McClintocks. you can always tell a McClintock. each McClintock carries a little black book filled with phone numbers. and if you have a telephone, look out. the pest will strong-arm your phone, first assuring you that all the calls are local (they aren't) and then he will begin (she will begin) unloading their never-ending poison spiel into the ear of the disgusted listener, these McClintock-pest types can talk for hours, and although you try not to listen, listening can't be helped and you feel a kind of humorous sympathy for the poor person at the other agony-end of the wire.

perhaps some day the world will be constructed, reconstructed, that the pest through the generosity of decent living and clear ways will not longer be the pest. there is the theory that the pest is created by things that should not be there. bad government, bad air, fucked-up sex, a mother with a wooden arm, a father who used to goose himself with brillo pads, so forth. whether the Utopian society will ever arrive we will never know. but right now we

still have these screwed-up areas of humanity to deal with – the starvation hordes, the black the white and the red, the sleeping Bombs, the love-ins, the hippies, the not-so hippies, Johnson, roaches in Albuquerque, bad beer, the clap, chickenshit editorials, this this that that, and the Pest. the pest is still here. I live today not tomorrow. my Utopia means less pests NOW. and I'd sure like to hear your story. I am sure that each of us bears one of 2 McClintocks. you could probably make me laugh with your stories about the McClintock-pest. god, which reminds me!!!! I'VE NEVER HEARD A McCLINTOCK LAUGH!!!

think of that.

think of any pest you have ever known and ask yourself have they ever laughed? have you ever heard them laugh?

jesus, come to think of it, I don't laugh much myself. I can't laugh except when I am by myself. I wonder if I have been writing about myself? a pest pestered by pests, think of that. a whole pest colony twisting and sinking fang and 69-ing. 69-ing? let's light a Chesterfield and forget the whole thing. see you in the morning. stuffed in a box of rags and petting cobra tits.

hello. I didn't wake you up, did I?

umm, I didn't think so.

My Own Business

by William S. Burroughs

Brion Gysin, Stewart Gordon, and I were sitting in front of a little Spanish café in Tangier when this middle-aged Spaniard walked by, and we all gasped: “My God, that’s a harmless-looking person!” I’d noticed him around town, and spotted him as a real M.O.B.ist: which is nothing special, just minds his own business of staying alive and thinks that what other people do is other people’s business.

The old hop-smoking rod-riding underworld had a name for it: “a member of the Johnson family.” Wouldn’t rush to the law if he smelled hop in the hall, doesn’t care what the fags in the back room are doing, stands by his word. Good man to do business with. They are found in all walks of life. The cop who slipped me a joint in New Orleans jail, for instance. Or when I was pushing junk in New York back in 1948, the hotel clerk who stopped me in the lobby “I don’t know how to say this, but there is something wrong about the people who come to your room.” (Something wrong is putting it softly: ratty junkies with no socks, dressed in three boosted suits puffing out, carrying radios torn from the living car, trailing wires like entrails. “This isn’t a hock shop!” I scream. “Get this shit out of here!” Regaining my composure I say severely, “You are lowering the entire tone of my establishment.”) “So I just wanted to warn you to be careful and tell those people to watch what they say over the phone... if someone else had been at the switchboard...”

And a hotel clerk in Tunis; I handed him some money to put in the safe. He put the money away and looked at me: “You do not need a receipt Monsieur.” I looked at him and saw that he was a Johnson, and knew that I didn’t need a receipt.

Yes, this world would be a pretty easy and pleasant place to live in if everybody could just mind his own business and let others do the same. But a wise old black faggot said to me years ago: “Some people are shits, darling.” I was never able to forget it.

Mexican druggist throwing a script back at me: “We do not serve dope fiends.” It’s like Mr. Anslinger said: “The laws must reflect society’s disapproval of the addict.”

Most of the trouble in the world has been caused by folks who can’t mind their own business, because they have no business of their own to mind, any more than a smallpox virus has. Now your virus is an *obligate cellular parasite*, and my contention is that evil is quite literally a virus parasite occupying a certain brain area which we may term the RIGHT center. The mark of a basic

shit is that he has to be *right*. And right here we must make a distinction between a hard-core virus-occupied shit and a plain, ordinary, mean no-good son of a bitch. Some of these sons of bitches don't cause any trouble at all, just want to be left alone and are only dangerous when molested, like the Brown Recluse. Others cause minor trouble, like barroom fights and bank robberies. To put it country simple, Anslinger was an obligate shit; Dillinger, Jesse James and Billy the Kid were just sons of bitches.

This RIGHT virus has been around for a long time, and perhaps its most devoted ally has been the Christian Church: from the Inquisition to the Conquistadores, from the American Indian Wars to Hiroshima, they are RIGHT RIGHT RIGHT. If the Christian Church has given the virus a nice long home, it has also sustained a number of evictions in the past forty years.

When I was in high school in the 1920's, anybody expressing doubts about our treatment of the Indians, capital punishment, the natural inferiority of blacks, the abomination of being a flit¹ or a dope fiend, would have been shunned by his schoolmates as a dangerous radical or practitioner of the hideous vices he defended.

Yes, quite a change, and quite a few points gained for the M.O.B.ists: virtual abolition of censorship, decriminalization of pot, gay rights, and segregation issues at least out in the open and a lot better than they were forty years ago, and a growing recognition, even in official quarters, that victimless crimes should be removed from the books or subject to minimal penalties. This trend towards sanity has brought the last-ditch dedicated shits out into the open, screaming with rage. Victimless crime, the assumption that what a citizen does in the privacy of his own dwelling is nonetheless someone else's business and therefore subject to denunciation and punishment, is the very lifeline of the RIGHT virus. Cutting off this air line would have the same action as interferon, which blocks the oxygen from certain virus strains.

M.O.B. opponents cling to the victimless-crime concept, equating drug-taking or private sexual behavior with robbery and murder. If the right to mind one's own business is recognized, the whole shit position is untenable, and Hell hath no more vociferous fury than an endangered parasite's.

The reverend Braswell, in the *Denver Post*: "The United States shouldn't be forced to accept perverted sexual practices under the guise of human rights. I refuse to say we are dealing with human rights, we are dealing with sexual perversion. Speak out against these filthy dreamers. The Civil Rights Act is national suicide. The God of this Universe, He doesn't change. God's attitude to wrong is the same since Adam. The Bible classifies homosexuality

1. "Flit" was a 1920 word for a queer. Since Flit was also an insecticide, such pleasantries as "Quick Henry, the Navarro!" made the rounds.

along with murder, stealing, inventions of evil ruthlessness and God-hatred. Homosexuality is an abomination to God and should never be recognized as a legal human right any more than robbery or murder.” And a letter to the Editor: “We should reform the marijuana laws by making them tougher. President Carter’s proposal to scrap Federal laws relating to marijuana is shocking.”

One is tempted to seek a total solution to the shit problem: Mass Assassination Day. M.A.D. Slaughter the shits of the world like cows with the aftosa. Then we’ll all feel a lot better. “It was like being cured of clap after twenty dripping years,” a survivor reported... Perhaps we could accomplish the salubrious work with a virus designed to attack the already occupied RIGHT centers in the brain, inflaming and irritating these centers so that the target, muttering and finally screaming imprecations, dies in convulsions of rightness. It was known as Righteous Fever; old men need it special.

Here’s an old fuck in his British club, writing a letter to *The Times* demanding the restoration of capital punishment and the whipping post and recruitment of all layabouts and “hippies” into a labor battalion – suddenly he bares his teeth and shouts at the top of his voice: “BLOODY HIPPIES!”

Shocked faces looked up from newspapers as he falls to the carpet, kicking and spitting blood, his pants steaming with urine and excrement.

“Well now the Reverend he preaches up a pretty strong sermon and that’s all right up to a point, but folks want to go home and eat lunch... so when he gets on about the sinners in Hell, how their very bowels burst open in the fire throwing hot shit all over each other, ‘wallowing in their own boiling filth’ as he put it, Old Man Brink got up and said ‘I think we’ve heard about enough of this, Reverend.’ “

“But the reverend is bellowing out the *Battle Hymn of the Republic*:

“He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored –‘

“He shits in his pants and spits blood ten feet, and everybody sees his pants are sticking out in front all indecent and the Sherriff says ‘He must be an abomination from the Bible to pull these scandals,’ so we burned the Church with the Reverend in it.”

Probably the most effective tactic is to alter the conditions on which the virus subsists. That is the way various manifestations of the RIGHT virus have disappeared in the past, as in the Inquisition. Conditions change, and that virus guise is ignored and forgotten. We have seen this happen many times in the past forty years. With the RIGHT virus offset, perhaps we can get the whole show out of the barnyard and into Space.

-William S. Burroughs

Misanthropia

by Anton Szandor La Vey

HL. Mencken said, "I reserve the right to be a lonely man." I don't crave companionship. It stands in my way. I live for pleasure. There are few persons who can give me as much pleasure as those acts I perform myself. I would rather create pleasure according to my own whim, than be subjected to the whims of others. Invariably, I wind up entertaining others. Or educating them. There is no push/pull. It is only pull, and they do the pulling.

I find greater companionship in inert figures, animals and speechless artifacts, for I can enjoy their presence and there is no psychic drain. In fact, by their very stimulation in accordance with my tailored ideals, *they* provide me with not only entertainment, but food for thought.

Why do I prefer androids to "real" humans? Androids can be created, programmed, and utilized exactly according to the master's whims. They require no energy-consuming interaction in order to salve a non-existent ego. Yet even the semblance of an ego can be built into an android via actions and words—but always according to the Maker's requirements. They can be shelved when they grow tiresome, brought back out when needed, modified in appearance, and destroyed without moral conscience. They are ideal companions. They never talk back, unless you want them to, yet you can insult them to your heart's content. Insofar as work is concerned, that can be performed by either non-humanoid machines or humans of limited intelligence operating machines of greater intelligence. Androids offer splendid companionship when cast in the physical semblance of human being. And for all most people *really* have to say, they might as well say nothing. Essentially, they are merely decorations in a room—humanoids to alleviate what might be construed as loneliness.

Most human interactions, being nothing more than small talk and games, is no waste of time to those so engaged. It is, in fact, necessary to their survival, for they would die of boredom otherwise. To the Maker, the archetype, the self-sustainer, human interaction is usually a waste of the most precious thing in his vital existence: *time*. Time spent in "being liked" could better be devoted to liking being.

It is easy for me to expound these attitudes. I do not search for a beloved, yet I am loved by one who treads the very stars. In addition, I can *do* as well as *be*. I can honestly say "I am that I am." Unless one can, he cannot be interdependent. One must be whole before one can be alone and yet not alone.

What keeps me going? What justifies my existence? That which sustains me is the knowledge that, were I to fall prey to trouble, to fail, to sicken, to die, it would please so many people that my strength is *in* my existence.

When I think of all those who would rejoice at my discomfort, I am energized and strengthened to the extent that I might overcome any malaise. It is not my love for mankind that sustains me, but rather mankind's resentment of me. My disdain and contempt for the mediocre masses in general and those who calumniate me in particular angers me to regeneration.

My right I have made for myself, by not what I can do, but by how important it is for others that I be resented, maligned, misunderstood, and hated. You'll seldom hear me complain about my lot, for it is according to my precise design. Even if it were not, I doubt that I would gripe. I hate complainers. Nobody gives a shit about anyone else's grievances. When one caterwauls his troubles to another, it simply weakens the complainer in the listener's eyes. Far better to arouse further antagonism by disappointing your detractors by your refusal to display unease.

I refuse to sicken because it will make my enemies healthier. I refuse to break off relations with any worthwhile companion because if I did it would make others' loneliness more bearable. I refuse my sorrow to be known, for my sorrow is another's joy. I even dislike showing wrath, for to one who receives little attention, my wrath would brighten his heart.

I admire my bull terrier, Typhon, who can rage and snarl and try to kill while wagging his tail. It is patently sport-enjoyment-for him to snarl and tear at his opponent. A great lesson can be learned from him. He will not give his victim the satisfaction of thinking that, in his rage, he might be unhappy. On the contrary, he is a blight to his victim all the more because his victim can never be satisfied as a masochist is satisfied by another's dubbing. Unless you can rejoice in making your antagonist miserable, your antagonist will sap your vitality by the humorless wrath he has incurred in you. The sobriety of your anger will increase your unintentional charity with each blow you strike, and you will be lesser for it. Through practice, I now enact my formula of turning rage into enjoyable sport so automatically and effortlessly, that it is seldom, if ever, possible for another to reap pleasure from my anger.

I defy ill wishes of my enemies by rejoicing in their discomfort. If I did not pain them, I should not be their enemy. If I need do nothing save exist in my present form in order to make enemies, I am indeed fortunate, for to know me is to hate me. One hates what one fears. He who is feared has power. I am lucky. I have acquired power without conscious effort, but simply by *being*.

I will never die because my death enriches the unfit. I could never be that charitable.

Is it irony that the only times I have progressed is when I have hurt someone else? Or does evil really conquer goodness in the end? It appears that evil (fear) is the prime mover, while goodness is complacency and stagnation. Goodness invokes either approbation or saccharine contempt. Evil creates action and reaction. Without that, the race would have died long ago. Not that that would have been so terrible, save it would have meant the extermination of the Devils—those persons who love life enough to want to consciously experience its pleasures, the pleasures they devise and discover *on their own*.

Once upon a time, when I had certain befuddled ideals, I might have found John Donne's *No Man is an Island* justification of mediocrity inclusive of myself. Because people need people, is now too little justification for their existence. I need *persons* certain persons, not people. The word *people* has achieved an egalitarian connotation I find repugnant!

There are some men who are islands, entire of themselves, but most are pieces of the continent—parts of the maine. If a clod—and clods they be—is washed away by the sea, the mainland is richer, albeit smaller. If a promontory were washed away, then some small alarm might be caused if one's manor built from unique efforts stood upon it. But no man's death, save he who stands by me, diminishes me. Other men's deaths make the earth a sweeter, finer place for those who have the capacity to relish each moment spent upon it. Each useless drone's death enriches me. I am involved in growth, and the incompetent dead can at best provide fertilizer. Then, though the land may be lesser in size, it will be richer in soil and lusher in visage. Therefore, never send to know for whom the bell tolls. It tolls because someone is being paid to pull on the rope.

Source: Anton Szandor La Vey's *Satanic Bible* is the *Poor Richard's Almanac* of our time. To glean La Vey's practical homilies for real world manipulation is to become healthy, wealthy and wise, though in a way different from Ben Franklin intended.

Misanthropy is taken from a 1977 *The Cloven Hoof*, the official Church of Satan newsletter. The communique's rejection of mass man stands in distinct contradiction to the smoke-and-mirrors egalitarian propaganda promoted by the Judeo-Christian hypocrites to divert attention from their own inevitable adherence to Führerprinzip.

Fuck You All

By Laurance Labadie

Although I am old, a recluse, “way out” in my convictions, off the beaten path, and probably haven’t much longer to go, my observations on the scene around me and all over the world are certainly such as to promote paranoia. Some of my thoughts have been published, but they no doubt have been considered by those who read them to be so improbable and absurd as not to be taken seriously. But I feel certain that in a number of places on this globe the mere expression of them would be exceedingly dangerous.

It is rather trepidatious for me to observe that those who have been instrumental in having some of my ideas published have been careful to absolve themselves from being considered responsible for holding the same ideas. But if they can become heroes by proxy, so to speak, they are quite willing to be on hand if by chance some credit or credibility be in the offing. After all, everybody and his brother is a sociologist these days, and the lowliest recipient of governmental dole can rattle off criticism and complaint with the best of them. Anyone who would in the least suggest that this is the best of all possible worlds would be laughed to scorn and considered detestable. Indeed, the number is growing who believe that it is only a matter of time and occasion before **Gotterdamerung** is upon us.

Since we all have to die sometime, I really don’t see why the prospect should be too disturbing, especially since it is quite natural for each and every human being to think of himself first as far as survival on this earth is concerned. The span which each human’s frame of reference circumscribes can hardly be more than a lifetime, although those with children or friends of younger age might exhibit broader concerns. But aside from this, each one’s concern is for the present, and for a duration hardly longer than his expected lifespan. That is why all humans are quite content to commit any skulldugger as soon as by doing so his own existence is prolonged. I have phrased this phenomenon as a general scavenging situation wherein each person is subsisting like a vulture upon the decomposing remains of a putrefying society. The reader of these lines will of course absolve himself from this general categorization, self-righteously proclaiming to his satisfaction that he is not like other men. Those who are not competent to kid themselves can hardly kid others. Perhaps life itself, or mere existence, is a delusionary process.

But I’m not aware of any of the so-called great thinkers who ever even considered this point of view. Every ontologist, metaphysician, theologian and philosopher I ever heard of felt secure that there was a purpose to the whole phenomenon, and indeed, that **he** knew what the purpose was. I’ll be goddamned if I know of any of these wiseacres who were convincing to me.

Every single one of them had an axe to grind—generally in the direction of aspiring to a society in which they (individually) hoped or expected to be secure. Every one of their imagined utopias and heavens were to be havens congenial to their own ridiculous and putrid selves. Meanwhile each of them were busily engaged in filling their pockets from the boobs whom they could get to accept their own particular brand of bullshit.

I have shown elsewhere that politicians, pulpit pounders, physicians, psychologists, lawyers, advertising agents, the military, plutocrats, bankers, and that vast horde of violence-oriented comorra which may be called the “law and order” brigade—all these pathetically vicious bastards depend on crap and corruption as the *raison d’être* for their existence and the means by which they fill their guts. It should be quite obvious that the more turmoil and viciousness that exists in this world, the better off economically these professional anti-life creatures will be. Any goddamn fool who expects to find solace or emancipation from this vast and increasing swarm of degenerates has much to learn indeed. As far as the moronic and imbecilic can go in the way of grasping what it’s all about is to latch on to the “if you can’t beat ‘em, join ‘em” theory, i.e., become a super-patriot, a huzzarer to non-existent gods, and go out to slaughter peasants throughout the world, especially if they don’t consent to be the conquered slaves of your masters. “Fuck you all”, I say, as I try to keep out of your sight.

—from *Anarcho-Pessimism: The Lost Writings of Laurance Labadie*

Freedom and Solitude

By Marilisa Fiorina

Anarchy is the negation of authority of whatever kind, it is affection and solitude.
—L.Ferre

To be alone, liberated from the yoke of collective life. Here is the most logical system for being truly free—free from convention, from dependence and the extortions of others. It is solitude alone that makes the individual really free.

Each day we are victims of hypocrisy, continually reciting the rules of bourgeois etiquette: “thank you...excuse me...I am sorry”. **Others** flatter, judge, criticize. **Others** decide for us, **others** live on our weaknesses, **others** cheat us, **others** steal from us, **others**, always **others**, It is they who love us, who hate us, who betray us, rob us of our thoughts, words, **life**. It would be logical to leave them all, to flee physically and mentally to a proper island of solitude, self-sufficient and courageous. Courageous? Courageous because it is difficult, because we are incapable of living really alone, because we have need of contact with others in order to express our feelings, to realize ourselves, even for the simplification of our actions.

It is difficult for one individual, weak, even psychologically insecure, to do without friendship, love and solidarity. And then, clearly, life in solitude would appear monotonous because, as always, our emotions, our adventures, arise from others, evolve among others.

There is another solitude, perhaps more understood, more naturally respected, than that of the hermit. It is when you no longer feel a part of these others, when you no longer participate in their mode of living, making a world apart from them in which they no longer count, from which they are excluded. It is when you no longer accept their love, their benevolence, their hypocrisy—and your solitude then becomes **freedom, rebellion**, it is open defiance of **society**.

Anarchist individualists are alone, their life lies outside the rules imposed by others. They choose the individuals whom it pleases them to have near, to listen. The others they regard as if they were non-existent, or as enemies. Individualists live beyond the walls of society—but not as those driven out... they are mental, rather than physical, fugitives, and their solitude is **loved**, it is the realization of their **free** thought.

—from *Il Diverso*, #1, Spring 1978

On Vagrancy

By Isabelle Eberhardt

A subject to which few intellectuals ever give a thought is the right to be a vagrant, the freedom to wander. Yet vagrancy is deliverance, and life on the open road is the essence of freedom. To have the courage to smash the chains with which modern life has weighted us (under the pretext that it was offering us more liberty), then to take up the symbolic stick and bundle and get out!

To the one who understands the value and the delectable flavor of solitary freedom (for no one is free who is not alone) leaving is the bravest and finest act of all.

An egotistical happiness, possibly. But for him who relishes the flavor, happiness.

To be alone, to be poor in needs, to be ignored, to be an outsider who is at home everywhere, and to walk, great and by oneself, toward the conquest of the world.

The healthy wayfarer sitting beside the road scanning the horizon open before him, is he not the absolute master of the earth, the waters, and even the sky? What house-dweller can vie with him in power and wealth? His estate has no limits, his empire no law. No work bends him toward the ground, for the bounty and beauty of the earth are already his.

In our modern society the nomad is a pariah "of no fixed address." By adding these few words to the name of anyone whose appearance they consider irregular, those who make and enforce the laws can decide a man's fate.

To have a home, a family, a property or a public function, to have a definite means of livelihood and to be a useful cog in the social machine, all these things seem necessary, even indispensable, to the vast majority of men, including intellectuals, and including even those who think of themselves as wholly liberated. And yet such things are only a different form of the slavery that comes of contact with others, especially regulated and continued contact.

I have always listened with admiration, if not envy, to the declarations of citizens who tell how they have lived for twenty or thirty years in the same section of town, or even in the same house, and who have never been out of their native city.

Not to feel the torturing need to know and see for oneself what is there, beyond the mysterious blue wall of the horizon, not to find the arrangements

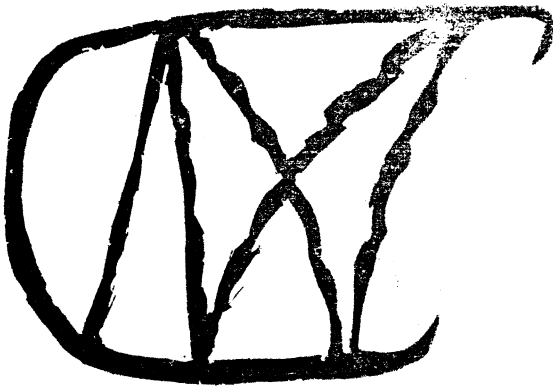
of life monotonous and depressing, to look at the white road leading off into the unknown distance without feeling the imperious necessity of giving in to it and following it obediently across mountains and valleys! The cowardly belief that a man must stay in one place is too reminiscent of the unquestioning resignation of animals, beasts of burden stupefied by servitude and yet always willing to accept the slipping on of the harness.

There are limits to every domain, and laws to govern every organized power. But the vagrant owns the whole vast earth that ends only at the non-existent horizon, and his empire is an intangible one, for his domination and enjoyment of it are things of the spirit.

The Prospero of Anarchs.—Perfect liberty can only be attained by one man on an uninhabited island, and even there his privacy will soon be invaded. He will begin to hear “voices” in a few months—voices from the sea, the hills, the ground, the air. For the ear, the brain, the mouth are gregarious. So unless he is very strong, he will become mad. Now, the lone madman on an uninhabited island attains the very highest degree of liberty conceivable. He is king of “a realm fantastic”. His movement, his speech, his habits are absolutely free. He is the perfect Anarch of the extreme individualist’s dream. He is the Prospero of Anarchs. He is the hermit of the universe—the perfect “free soul”.

—Benjamin DeCasseres

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